The
COMMONWEAL

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The Death of Gandhi

IT IS expedient, Scripture has taught us, that one man die for the people. And the Indian people, within six months of receiving the independence Mohandas Gandhi, more than anyone else, won for them, have assassinated him. It is a story as old as history, and the tragedy of January thirtieth was on the highest of all planes—even to the crowds shouting in the street for the hero's death, even to the liturgic three shots and the dying request for water. There can be no doubt that for Gandhi it was the most glorious possible finish to lay down his life because he had sought peace and ensued it. Death as he walked in prayer to pray, death amongst his people, whom he had delivered from their oppressors but could not deliver from their sins, death for his own given by his own: though he was far beyond any thought so selfish as the formulation of how he would wish to die, he must have been glad, if he was conscious at the last, and have regarded such an end as also a grace.

Whether a nation that starts out by murdering its greatest leader can prosper is another question: the most notable example is, still today, the most miserable of all peoples. But there is also Joan, from whose pyre arose the French nation, and Wallace betrayed who made the Scottish nation: and Lincoln shot in a Washington playhouse. There is also the legend of the bell that required the founder's life to coordinate the molten metals, and, behind it all, the regicide necessity that Frazer and Freud have shown to be one of the basic requirements of any and every human society.

The best known Indian since Buddha is a handful of gray ashes, and may for him the great promise of the *Bhagavad-Gita* now be true: "those that worship gods shall go to gods; those that worship the Manis go to the Manis, and those that worship the spirits go to the spirits, but those that worship Me shall come to Me. Whosoever offers Me with devotion a leaf, a flower, a fruit, or water, that I accept, the pious offering of the pure in heart."

Federal Aid Without Controls

THE FIFTH of the reports of the President's Commission on Higher Education made public February second seems, by itself, to overemphasize the economic element. It envisages higher education for all to the extent of doubling present college enrollments. What would that do to our already mediocre general educational standards? To make higher education available to every American of genuine college caliber regardless of his purse it seems hardly necessary to gather everybody in, regardless. Or is the idea growing that higher education is primarily a useful social—rather than an intellectual—experience, which should be open to all?

Of key importance also are the recommendations on the channels for government appropriations. One of these, through scholarships and fellowships, would come generously to the assistance of individual talent and ambition, as obliquely suggested above.

The commission did split, 26 to 2, however, on the question of aid to private institutions. The overwhelming majority apparently experienced no qualms in actually seeking to build up state universities and other public institutions at the expense of private colleges and universities. The majority frankly and calmly admit that restricting these considerable appropriations to higher educational institutions which are publicly controlled might "make it extremely difficult for many private institutions to survive" in the face of such heavily loaded competition.

This is hardly a matter where only Catholic colleges are involved, although the lone dissidents here are Catholic representatives. The country's most noted universities are private institutions, although some of them are heavily endowed.

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And there is a rather impressive list of others, many of them smaller, liberal arts colleges, technical schools and Protestant denominational colleges whose contribution to the common well-being continues to be substantial. Their passing would be a national loss. Perhaps many compatriots who cannot abide the thought of public monies going to private institutions would at least hesitate before favoring a subsidy plan which would result in killing them off.

Or examine the reverse side of the medal. Picture an American educational system where the student is a ward of the State from kindergarten right through graduate school and ask whether, on the basis of present experience, such a plan promises to develop the élite endowed with the independence, self-reliance, zeal and vision which the decisions confronting the United States will demand. How can the subsidy scheme favored by the majority of the President's commission measure up even to the minimum requirements of national self-interest?

Port Authority Loses Authority

IN NEW YORK CITY, something called the "Commerce and Industry Association" held a rally in the Woolworth Building against the St. Lawrence Seaway. Not very surprisingly, the mayor of New York attended the meeting and spoke against the project. We are not concerned here with his arguments or any of the other arguments reported—which failed to turn us from favoring the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Howard S. Cullman, chairman of the Port of New York Authority, also delivered a major attack on the Seaway. That does seem to us surprising, or, if not too surprising, then shockingly wrong, anyway. The Port of New York Authority, entering into a political debate such as this, attacks the conception and utility of the "authority" method of getting things done, a technique which has been extremely useful in the past and which has given great hopes for the future.

As we understand it, the Port of New York Authority, and various other authorities set up in similar fashion across the country, were created by various governing bodies acting jointly, in order to perform certain definite, strictly outlined, practical jobs. Their quasi-private corporate structure, freedom from bureaucratic complexities associated with state and city governments, and their removal from partisan political pressures were supposed to give them flexibility and efficiency. The carefully delimited sphere of their activities, along with the special corporate structure, were to permit them to operate freely in a territorial and functional zone of overlapping governmental jurisdictions. Inherent in all these purposes and hopes is a completely non-political character, an isolation from political, social and economic policy making, a technical puritanism of strictest discipline—the clean, blank stare of the utterly innocent engineer.

When Chairman Cullman frowns at a bill before Congress, it seems to us that the whole picture of an "authority" is shattered. The managerial revolution engulfs one more operation within the political economy. The servant, hired and established by the people's representatives to do a special work (and what enormously impressive and convenient works the Port of New York Authority has performed!), begins to use the prestige and position given him for the different purpose of influencing the scope and kind of work he is to do. He begins to take on the rôle of governor.

Re-examination is in order. It is perhaps inevitable and proper that the "authorities" evolve from the purely engineering and operative function to the broader political function of influencing public decisions and creating policy and strategy. But if the "authorities" are taking over new powers and actions, then their responsibilities to the established governments and to the people ought to be redefined. Rules regulating a carpenter have to be different from those governing a hammer. Building George Washington Bridge is a very different proposition from determining the traffic that floats by underneath it. Up to date, it is known that the "authorities" are excellent bodies to build the bridges. It seems too bad to spoil them for such splendid jobs before knowing surely that they are similarly suitable for determining the beautiful flow of shipping from Duluth to the four quarters of the globe.

Twenty-eight Important Mexicans

IT WAS JUST another plane that fell in California, burst into flames, and everyone who was in the plane was killed. Thirty-two men were killed. Three were there because they were earning their living while they flew to their death; they were the plane's crew. A fourth was there, also on business; he was an Immigration Service guard. That leaves twenty-eight. The twenty-eight others who died were not on the plane out of any desire to be there; they did not want to be on the plane; they felt no haste to get where they were going; they did not want to go where they were going—neither to their destination, as planned, nor to unplanned death. The twenty-eight were Mexican citizens, agricultural workers, who had entered the United States illegally, or who had remained in the United States beyond the duration of their work contracts in California. They were on the plane because they were being deported.

It is not easy to write their obituary for the reason that the papers did not bother to publish their names. They were unwanted persons; they were like the displaced persons abroad, and when

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you are an unwanted or displaced person it does not mean that anyone is talking about personalism; the human person—for whom this world and the next exist—no longer counts for anything. He has no face, no name.

He is migratory labor, he is called to build a nation where there is no nation, and then he is no longer wanted, he is illegal. He is wanted for a while, to pick vegetables, fruit or grapes, and then he is not wanted and has to get out. Imported and then deported, it does not matter what he is thinking about, or what he is remembering, or where he comes from (Mexico, China, Japan), or whether he is engaged to be married or whether he has children to support. You turn the water on and then you turn it off.

These Mexicans in California worked for a while and then someone asked them for their papers—just the way it happens in Europe—and the papers were not in order. These Mexicans had eyes, ears, hands, noses; they stood on legs; they walked and worked in the fields; America was all around them and there was plenty of room in which to walk and to work. But their papers were not in order.

In the old days, in America, it would not have mattered. But now it does. Even when you are not a Russian it matters a lot.

One day you are of no importance, you are a Mexican working in the California fields, but the next day you are very important because there is something wrong with your papers. Suddenly, from one day to another, these twenty-eight Mexicans became so important that the Government chartered a plane for them. Spare no expense; get these important men out of this important country. That is what the Government said. But now they are dead and they are not important any more.

E.S.P.

FIRST there was the telephone, which brought human beings so much more safely nearer each other, nearer the doctor and the policeman, the fire brigade and the exterminator, nearer food and shelter, nearer the sick and the lonely. But which also pursued the miserable and harried the unfortunate, interviewed the suffering and interrupted the happy, made social lying harder and marital lying easier. Then radio came and television after, and soon the seen will invade our privacy as the heard has, and there will be no escape.

But there was always the face to cower behind and how thankful we were that we had been given tongues with which to conceal our thoughts, and words with which to hide our feelings. Now the unkindest cut of all has been dealt us by Dr. J. B. Rhine, of Duke University. In exploring extra-sensory perception he has discovered the possibility of a direct connection between the conscious and unconscious realms of the mind. If the uncertainty could be taken out of telepathy, and "if the mind could open an introspective window into the unconscious" then, Dr. Rhine claims, "the consequences for world affairs would be literally colossal." War plans and crafty designs could be watched and revealed; crime on any scale could hardly exist. "No lurking diseases, no impending epidemic, no obscure source of danger to society could hide from the extrasensorial insight directed to discover it. The location of the hidden wealth of the world . . . could be charted. What problem of the universe could be left unsolved?"

Part of this power has already been usefully tapped. Lie detectors are a commonplace of criminal investigation; and dowsing is a lucrative career in every rural community the world over. Some dowsers are used also for metal, and few people have not met with someone who can tell the contents of a box or an envelope merely by touching the outside. The possibilities of Dr. Rhine's predictions are not doubted; what is questionable is whether the results of a wide extension of E.S.P. would be as beneficent as this sanguinely optimistic scientist confidently expects? Were the secrets of all hearts known to us as they are to our Creator, would we act differently? Hitler made no bones about his plans. Indeed, he published them in the greatest detail; so did the Japanese and the Tanaka Memorial left little for the American Secret Service to discover. The communists today are hardly less obliging. We have Moses and the prophets. Yet what good has it done us? "If I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge . . ."

$6,300,000,000 *for Your Vote*

THE KNUTSON tax bill, passed by the House 297 to 120, is almost beyond comprehension, even during an election year. If this Republican-sponsored and Democrat-supported tax relief measure passed the Senate and got by the President, individual income taxes would be reduced by an estimated $6,300,000,000 to $6,500,000,000. What kind of financial soundness is this; and what sort of inflation check?

Senator Taft himself commented sceptically, and we don't see how the great NAM could feel altogether happy. Cutting down federal income before ERP is settled is not a prudent business man's risk—and before the air power program is set, relief to occupied areas estimated, nor any of the other foreign and domestic, defense and development appropriations are made. And whatever theory of inflation Congress follows, they must recognize that extra spending cash in people's pockets, and added money and credit supplies from federal debt, force up and do not check the spiral which is already dizzy enough by far.

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Whither France?

Henri Peyre

MOST AMERICANS sighed with relief at the recent turn of events in France. Serious labor troubles encouraged by Moscow, dramatized by headlines over inclined to sensationalism, had filled many of us with the fear that communism might achieve victory in Western Europe and that Russian vanguards might soon be entrenched on the Normandy coastline. Léon Blum's failure to win a majority rightly discouraged the well-wishers of the elder statesman and of French democratic parties. Soon, however, a Blum cabinet without Blum was formed by Schuman. That unpretentious, austere, undramatic financial expert succeeded in settling the strikes without appeasing those who had fomented them, in passing epoch-making labor legislation and proposing stringent new taxation. France seemed destined to a respite of a few months' stability and disappeared from the front page of our newspapers.

She may soon win her way back to the headlines. It would be unwise to fall into complacency as to the permanent defeat of French communists or the swift working of the Marshall Plan. The crucial year for post-war France may well be 1948. And since France clearly holds the pivotal position for continental European recovery, the future of that war-ridden continent, still rich in potentialities, but sick, probably hangs on the answer to a few vital questions: Can the "Third Force," led by Schuman and his Socialist allies, hold both the Right and the Extreme Left? If De Gaulle came into power, would he be forced to adopt a reactionary social policy, endangering the cause of democracy in France? Can the internationalist and constructive forces within France lead toward the gradual organization of a united Western Europe embracing Germany and instilling hope into depressed spirits? And, not least of all, will the American policy fulfil some of the expectations which are anxiously being pinned upon it, and which are of imaginative leadership even more than of immediate material assistance? The year 1948 will not usher in a millennium. But it may mark the emergence of Western Europe out of a slough of despondent uncertainty.

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It has often been remarked that we suffer today from an excess of diligent reporting. Changing events, often superficial but making news, are stressed at the expense of long-range forces whose working is slow and subterranean. Yet these forces actually mold the shape of things to come. If analyzed with detachment, they may help us foresee the trend of tomorrow's happenings and thus answer the description of the best-educated person who is, it has been said, "the one who is least surprised by events."

The apparent unrest of French political life has often aroused distrust, contempt, or amused surprise in English and American observers. "Civil war," wrote an English wit who had French blood in him, Hilaire Belloc, "is a standing function of the Gallic energy." The truth is that we shall never understand what takes place in France if we fail to reach this primary realization: to the French (and many other peoples called Latin) polititcs is not a game like cricket or baseball, or even a circus, in which sense of humor and fair play ultimately prevail. It is literally an *"affaire de coeur."* Passion rules it under the guise of logic, or rather logic placed at the service of passion, which aptly defines the French character. Ideas are taken seriously, even tragically; the ability to agree to disagree is seldom encountered; one does not compromise on essentials, that is, on articles of faith.

True, the sufferings of the recent war united the French momentarily. But wars confuse issues, through arousing a fine national *élan* against a common enemy while internal differences are held in abeyance. In fact, we cannot understand Europe, and overcome our disappointment at the turn of events since victory, unless we reach a second important realization. From the outset, World War II was a two-fold struggle: against Germany and Japan, totalitarian powers bent upon ruthless domination; but also a latent civil war, still smoldering inside every nation, victorious or vanquished. This internal war is one of interests and of ideas, between what may, for convenience's sake, be called Left and Right. It confuses national issues, since in every country factions are to be found giving their allegiance to a foreign power which embodies their creed. The phenomenon may startle us, but is not new. The most momentous of all ideological revolutions, in 1789-1793, had already witnessed the birth of parties inside many European lands favoring the French revolutionary cause as against their own sovereign.

The cleavage between Right and Left is sharper than ever today in Europe. The most dis-

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astrous and unjustified consequence of this division in France, Italy, Greece, China, would be to have the Rightist group identified with the pro-American party, and Washington hailed as the Mecca of the conservative and reactionary elements. Every problem would then be envisaged by diplomats as a choice between Washington and Moscow, and a choice never made on its own merits, but along rigid party lines. In fact, outside of England and the Scandinavian countries, conservative groups in Europe have little in common with conservative elements in this country. They have seldom known how to make timely social reforms, or how to take credit for those which they have made. They do not accept the fundamental principles of modern democracy. A two-party system is an undisguised benefit for countries like Great Britain and America, because they know how to compromise, or because the parties do not rest on conflicting ideologies and never question the very foundation of the State and its structure. Not so in France. Madariaga used to remark that in no English-speaking country could a daily paper call itself *L'Intransigeant* and sell half a million copies on the strength of such a title. Any two-party division in continental Europe is bound to be reduced to Left and Right, and entail a virtual civil war. Healthy national life must be based on a multiplicity of parties, or rather of groups.

France stands in urgent need of redefining and revitalizing her concept of democracy, and such a task cannot be accomplished without throes doubly painful to a lady with a past, or with a pluperfect, as has that old country. Traditions of self-government have never yet been allowed to strike deep roots in a centralized nation; they should be started from school, developed through village and city life, and even in clubs. The influence of Protestantism (except in Germany) has perhaps proved more beneficial to the development of parliamentary democracy than Catholic traditions of hierarchy and acceptance of dogma. The appointment of a committee, with chairman, secretary and treasurer, to which any ten Americans thrown together by chance will proceed with such solemn seriousness, arouses but smiling wonder in a French face. Behind the French political scene there lurks a Napoleonic complex, and Napoleon, it must be remembered, was the inheritor of the Jacobins. Napeon III, Boulanger, Pétain are not easily forgotten in a country with a profound historical sense. One encounters today, in Frenchmen who are neither traitors nor ambitious fascists, a deep-seated distrust of the inefficiency of the parliamentary régime and of the incompetence of the people's elected representatives. The story of those taxi drivers who, after risking a collision in a Paris street, hurled a fine crescendo of picturesque insults at each other, "Scoundrel! Pig! Rascal!", and concluded with *"Sale député, va!"*, is more tragic than comic. Many a placid citizen will smile cynically at attempts of his government to broaden taxation, to cope with the black market, to pursue a consistent colonial or foreign policy. Such a mood, to be sure, was not unknown twenty and forty years ago. It is more widespread today, and in this sense, Hitler's and Mussolini's tactics of demoralizing their opponents have borne fruit.

In some French groups the chief factor fostering a disaffection from their traditional régime is the realization that political democracy remains frail and inadequate unless it is supplemented by social and economic democracy. The latter can be attained, to some extent, as it has been in this country, by a so-called capitalist system. But in Western Europe at present the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of Socialism.

Capitalism has become over there the least respected and the most ludicrously *passé* of all words. This fact, or this prejudice, must be faced squarely. There are reasons for this: the record of free enterprise in French industry is none too brilliant; French industrialist magnates have seldom been conspicuous for their generosity to the community or for their spirit of social service. In the presence of Rockefeller, Ford, or Kaiser, a Frenchman would not say to himself: "He is a man like myself, and I could be like him some day. Anyway, he opened up new sources of wealth for all of us." He envies Citroen or Renault, and regards their fortune as made unjustly, at the expense of the people.

More important, perhaps, the prestige of capitalism has sunk low because there is no coherent and fresh body of ideas behind it. The empirical Englishman or American will probably distrust a man or a party that acts upon an implicit and preconceived philosophy. The Frenchman, and the German even more, feels ill at ease unless he can go back to principles, to a *Weltanschauung*. Marx has been proved repeatedly wrong by historians and economists. Few people have actually struggled, through boredom and mental fatigue, to the end of *"Das Kapital."* Yet his prestige and influence have been, and still are, immense. Marxists possess one of the most potent weapons ever devised, used by Jewish Messianism and, paradoxically, by Hitler: they loudly and repeatedly assert that they are doomed to triumph, whatever their adversaries may do, and thus they demoralize them. The few theoretical attempts recently made to bolster up capitalism with a doctrine (mostly by former Austrians, Hayek, Von Mises, Drucker, running to succor American free enterprise) have remained shallow and unconvincing to the youth of the period.

The chief surprise of 1947 was De Gaulle's triumph in the October municipal elections. What

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was the significance of that vote? De Gaulle's magnetism and integrity must receive credit for it: many citizens, sickened by the resurgence of party strife and by political squabbles, have rallied round him as round a savior. These citizens came from all groups or classes of the population, but mainly from the Republican Popular Movement (in truth, a conglomerate of dissimilar elements) and from the Right. Rightists who were tainted with Pétainism and dared not vote their own ticket as long as public feeling ran high against them have now, through one of the most disconcerting paradoxes of recent history, taken refuge around the former chief of French resistance.

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Three factors worked in favor of Gaullist propaganda. First, the legitimate fear of Communism, which has become tyrannical in many labor unions and was scoring gains through clever and ruthless tactics. Second, the fear of war. De Gaulle capitalizes upon it, echoing the mood of the country, anxious not to be reduced to a bridgehead for American landing troops, even more anxious lest it be occupied by Russian armies and thus become the first target for atomic bombs aimed at Russian military installations in Paris. Thirdly and most powerful of all is the disappointment of many French people at the allegedly favored treatment granted Germany by the Anglo-Americans. Mr. Byrnes's Stuttgart speech, General Clay's pronouncements, the Anglo-American agreement to raise the level of steel production in Germany over ten million tons, their reluctance to promise or give the French enough coal and coke, have turned many irate Frenchmen to De Gaulle. They blamed Bidault and the Socialists for supporting their claims too feebly, and trusted the former General as a stronger advocate of nationalism and as a leader feared by the Allies for his intransigence.

A few months after the October elections, has the mood of the French people changed? We have no way of telling for certain. The *Institut d'Opinion Publique,* which runs a French version of the Gallup polls, has failed notoriously to gauge French sentiment accurately. This, through no fault of its own, but apparently because French electors do not care to reveal their intentions, or perhaps—since women now make up more than half of the voters—prefer not to know in advance their reactions, and to remain unpredictable.

There is ground for believing, nevertheless, that if elections were to be held in the first half of 1948, they would hardly repeat the striking victory of the Rally of the French People. Many voters have since become afraid of their pronounced swing to the Right, and dismayed to find themselves the bedfellows of former Pétainists. The Communist threat has temporarily been relieved by the legislation obtained by Schuman. The average Frenchman wanted more energy in his government and, if a cabinet of the center displays enough, he will rest content.

De Gaulle has remained silent meanwhile—perhaps too silent. For, with all the confidence that his past record inspires, one still wishes that he would clarify his program, thus far more than hazy. What does he propose to do on such crucial problems as political parties, the relative powers of the Assembly and of a stronger Executive, taxes to be levied, lowering agricultural prices, raising industrial wages? How would he handle labor unions? His vague suggestion of "associations between capital and labor" smacks dangerously of Mussolini's corporate state. It is imperative that he rid his cause of a few of his extreme-rightist supporters, and win more partisans on his left, from the ranks of Labor. His trusted adviser, André Malraux, is fully aware of it. How will it be done?

It may have been wise for De Gaulle not to bid for power at the beginning of a hard winter; but, if the emergency is successfully bridged over, he may find himself less sorely needed, and the task he suggested may be accomplished in part by others. Paradoxically, the group which seems to have most ardently wished for De Gaulle to step into power was the Communists. Their policy has been calculated to antagonize the Socialists and the MRP, and therefore to force them out of the government. They knew that the time was not ready for them, that France needed American help, and that an attempt at a *coup d'état* on their part would have meant a civil war in the Spanish manner, in which foreign intervention would have acted most vigorously in favor of their opponents. They preferred to foment disorders, disrupt French economy, attack the center parties in every circumstance, and thus bring De Gaulle and his Rally to the helm. They would then have been outlawed, and posed as martyrs of a new Resistance. Being the only vigorous opposition to a strong, perhaps authoritarian régime, they would soon have gathered around them many Socialists and Liberals. Every mistake or failure of De Gaulle would have accrued to their advantage. Thus the play of the dialectics which is dear to them would soon have worked in their favor. De Gaulle might, unless he scored prompt and full success, have proved the architect of a Communist victory!

It was good fortune for France to have at her head, during the November strikes, men who were firm but not in the military manner, and who could handle the workmen because they knew them and had lived with them. For, many of the strikers had real grievances. A hard repression

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might have led to bloodshed, and divided the working class from the rest of the nation as both June 1848 and the 1871 Commune had done—with lasting consequences. We believe that the Third Force, as the Socialist, Radical-Socialist and MRP coalition is called—cynics deride it as the third farce—if it succeeds in holding together for a year or so, has more than an even chance to solve the gravest French problems of 1948. The task to be accomplished is tremendous, since it includes a reasonable amount of financial deflation (the hardest thing for any democracy), the laying off of state officials who constitute a drain on the budget, taxing the farmers, developing production, raising industrial wages and the standard of living of laboring classes, pursuing a wise and constructive foreign policy. De Gaulle's record since 1945 hardly suggests that he would tackle those complex problems more efficiently than an energetic government of the center. Indeed, many of the financial and economic difficulties of the country sprang from unwise measures taken in 1944-45 by his finance minister Pleven, when he embarked upon a policy of demagogic wage increases to be soon nullified by rising prices. Systematic anti-communism cannot long suffice to lead a country out of a morass of financial, economic, and moral troubles, unless one advocates positive steps to lure away from communism discontented people eager for a faith. Much as one regrets to admit it, the Gaullist Rally thus far is more a rally round a man than round a positive program. And the French, apt to yield to sudden outbursts of enthusiasm for one man, are equally apt, after their outburst has spent itself, to let their cool wisdom heed the advice once given them by one of their Revolutionary men, himself a German who espoused the cause of freedom and lost his life under the Terror, Anacharsis Clootz: "People of France, beware of providential men!"

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The French problem cannot be solved apart from the vaster issues at stake in Europe. The whole continent will reach a momentous crossroad in 1948. The European Recovery Plan will then become effective. A Frenchman may be allowed to proclaim it more freely than an American: it is the most generous gesture ever made, in peace time, by one nation to other nations. Fear of communism, antagonism to Russian policy, eagerness to retain an export market and to develop economic influence abroad have no doubt played a part in its formulation and acceptance by the country. But it remains unique in the annals of history, as an example of generous farsightedness.

It is not unfair for the United States to capitalize on the psychological and moral advantage they have thus gained. It is our conviction, after touring the French countryside a few months ago, that much misunderstanding remains between the French and the Americans which could easily be dispelled. Eloquent clarifications of their aims by American statesmen are eagerly awaited, and too seldom come. Three points stand in need of being underlined to Western Europeans.

1) America has made her free enterprise work and is determined to retain its benefits. Europe has found her own capitalism wanting and resorts to Socialism, in a tempered form. These are different, though not necessarily antagonistic, means to reach the same end. And that end is the improvement of the lot of the common man, more equality of opportunity for each individual, and more economic democracy. The French hope and need to reach, through Socialism, what America has reached through Capitalism or through the lasting reforms of the New Deal: anti-trust legislation, pure-food laws, democratized education, better housing for workmen, the harnessing of hydroelectric energy and plans similar to TVA, benefits for veterans and aged persons, etc. The community of ends should be stressed rather than the nominal difference of means.

2) The French (and the Poles, the Czechs, and other Europeans) have received the impression that the United States is now trying to build up Germany as a bulwark against Russia, at the expense of their wartime allies and of liberated countries. If this impression is erroneous, it should be dispelled without delay. Is it too much to hope that the American policy will not crystallize around what may seem temporarily best to oppose Russian disruptive and negative views, but around what will ultimately be best for Europe as a whole? The French fully recognize that a healthy and active Germany is indispensable to Europe. But they want to be assured that such a Germany will not again be a threatening Germany. The Ruhr is still the potential arsenal and the powder keg of Europe. Delivering its control back to the Germans is the easy, unimaginative solution; but, even if guarantees are proposed, it will arouse distrust in all the neighbors of Germany and make a federation of Europe impossible. Only internationalization of the Ruhr, control of its production, which must serve Germany to a large extent, but also France, Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc., and make possible some day a Danube Valley Authority, seems to many Europeans the *imaginative* order which should have arisen out of World War II. Is it too late to reconsider and define American policy in Europe as a dynamic one?

3) For, the French, long familiar with the German problem to the point of being obsessed by it, do not deny that Germany must have a share, and an important share, in any new order. But while

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some Americans seem to consider the whole European problem as centered around the German problem, the French insist that the German problem must be envisaged and solved relatively to the European problem. Our conviction, strengthened by several talks with French people of all classes, is that Western Europe is now desperately eager for unity, but cannot bring it about by itself; that America, by gentle yet firm intervention connected with the ERP, can gradually work toward a union of Western Europe based first on the blurring down of economic barriers, then on a network of international organisms (financial, social, educational), and eventually on customs unions and the sharing of output and of markets. Europe knows she must unite or perish. She senses that only an American policy, working generously in the direction of a European union, can win for it hesitant British opinion and harness the essential resources of Western Germany. The year 1948, with the immense hopes aroused by the Marshall Plan, may offer American and European statesmen an opportunity which must not be missed. It may not again be repeated in our century. Men of good-will abound everywhere, from Hamburg to Rotterdam, from Munich and Oslo to Bordeaux and Naples. The United States can play a providential part in the destinies of the world by rallying them *now* around a constructive order. A new wave of hope would then lift the old continent out of its discouraged plight. The dawn of a new era might turn this century of desolate strife into a century of cooperation and faith.

The Catholic Writer in America

Mary Perkins

IN A RECENT issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Harry Sylvester ably described many of the "Problems of the Catholic Writer." Since he had previously defined these problems for a Catholic audience in a lecture given at the Sheil School of Social Studies and at the Saint Paul Guild in New York, his purpose may well have been that of stimulating his audience to consider possible solutions to the problems he raised—for in the course of this article he himself offered few positive or constructive suggestions. It is for this reason that I venture to propose some basic principles underlying the current difficulties of Catholic writers which may, in themselves, point the way both to present and future solutions of these problems.

The difficulties described by Mr. Sylvester fall roughly into two classes: financial and moral. The financial are certainly common to most serious writers, the moral are perhaps more peculiarly those of Catholic writers of fiction; but all of them are the symptoms and effects of an as yet incomplete solution of the two basic problems of all Catholic writers. And these are: first, how to become so thoroughly Catholic that they will have something to say worth saying, and second, how to become so thoroughly skilful in writing that they will be able to say it well.

The second of these problems is an obvious and technical one, clearly the concern only of the writer himself and of his educators. The first problem is the one which is also the concern of every Catholic and of the whole Catholic community. For every Catholic, whatever his profession, is bound to "seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice," and his task is made clearer and easier by the degree in which all his fellow Catholics are consciously and communally trying to order the whole of life according to this precept. But while a man may be a good doctor or farmer or lawyer without making any conscious effort to become thoroughly Catholic, he cannot become even a passably good Catholic writer without doing so, and the reason is not far to seek.

The great literature of the world was produced by men who were thoroughly whatever they were. But to be a thorough Greek of the fifth century B.C., or a thorough Florentine of the thirteenth century, or a thorough Englishman of the fourteenth or sixteenth century was neither a problem nor an achievement. You did not have to work at it; you had only to be yourself. You were the product of a unified civilization, you were heir to a great tradition in which religion and culture and daily life formed a comparatively organic and harmonious whole. Thus you were not only born and brought up, but you thought and felt and reacted as a Greek, or a Florentine, or an Englishman of your own time; if you were a great genius, you became even more typical of your own time and place than were your fellow-men. But to be a thorough American of the twentieth century, in the sense in which the great Greek dramatists were thorough Greeks of their age, in which Dante was a thorough Florentine of his, in which Chaucer or Shakespeare were thorough Englishmen of theirs, is simply impossible. We do not possess the unified civilization or the tradition to

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produce such an "American." Each of us is forced to make his own synthesis of religion and culture and daily life, for we inherit no pattern of synthesis which we can refine and adapt to our personal needs. We have all the materials and the tools for making such a synthesis, but only a vague set of directions. We inherit no accepted and consistent norms about truth and error, goodness and evil, beauty and ugliness, which hold good throughout all the activities of life. From our parents, our society, our education, we receive a bewildering number of different norms—religious, scientific, ethical, economic, social, artistic; but we each have to work out for ourselves some consistent general norms for correlating all these others, to give us an intelligible blueprint for estimate and action. In other words, we come to adult life today without the wisdom, that is, the inherited and cultivated and so "instinctive" taste for truth and wisdom and beauty in all of life's phases and activities, which previously in the history of the world has been the gift of a great civilization to its heirs.

Everyone who thinks at all today suffers from this lack of integration in himself and in his society, suffers from the fact that he has to make up his own wisdom, with a few specific suggestions from any authority he can trust as to how to go about it; suffers from the fact that when he has made it up, it may well seem to separate him from, rather than unite him more closely to his fellowmen. Most people, however, can escape from this suffering by simply accepting a separate set of standards, a separate point of view, a separate pattern of behavior in their work and in their social life and in their personal life.

But the writer, and particularly the fiction writer, can never escape from the necessity of looking for wisdom, of looking for a consistent pattern of goodness and truth and beauty. It is of the very nature of his work that if he is not aware of such a pattern, he must try to make one up for himself. For if you want to write literature, you want to communicate wisdom, that is, a taste for truth and goodness and beauty. If you want to write fiction in particular, you want to communicate this taste by presenting a special reflection of life actually being lived by your characters. And therefore you must possess a wisdom which is applicable to the whole of life, a wisdom the norms of which are consistent for all the activities of life. The greatest writers of the world, inheriting the wisdom of their people, could at once enter upon their proper task of seeing further and more clearly than their fellows, and of communicating their special insights in the most effective fashion. But the modern writer has to begin with only the materials of wisdom.

Thus it is easy to see why the first fundamental problem of a Catholic writer is to become thoroughly and completely and integratedly Catholic. It is his task, in any case, as a human being to conform his whole thought and life to the highest norms he knows. It is his task as a Catholic to "grow up in all things in Christ." And therefore he is to be congratulated on the fact that his profession also forces this task upon him and will not allow him to shirk it or avoid it unless he wishes to condemn himself to lifelong frustration and mediocrity.

For even if the Catholic writer accepts the self-expression idea of his work, he must then have a consistent self to express. Unless he is a very unusual person, he will discover when he begins to write, if he has not discovered it before, that he has a Catholic self with which he goes to Church, performs his religious duties and in accordance with whose demands he makes his major decisions. But he has also a number of other selves whose ideas and whose demands, as he then may find out to his dismay, he has never brought into harmony with the Catholic one. He must obviously try to synthesize them all, or else write only one book in which he describes all these selves and their disharmony—for anybody who may be interested to hear about it. And if he is and remains a Catholic, it must be in the terms of Catholic wisdom that he undertakes his synthesis. Or, if the Catholic writer accepts the older idea of writing as that of the communication of wisdom, then he is up against the same problem. For he will soon realize that to accomplish his task he must have made Catholic wisdom so deeply and thoroughly his own that he sees and feels and writes in terms of it—and does so both naturally and eloquently.

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But, somebody will certainly object, you are confusing life and art. Surely nobody has ever claimed that a writer must be a good man in order to be a great writer, or that a Catholic writer has to become a saint in order to be a great Catholic writer. No, but the writer has to see more clearly than his fellows "what ought to be," which is one of Aristotle's requirements for the subject-matter of tragedy. And, by and large, one's insights into what ought to be become clearer only when one is trying, however imperfectly and haltingly, to do what one already knows one ought to do. As a man, the Catholic's job is to "grow up in all things in Christ"; as a writer, his special job is to grow continuously in the wisdom of Christ so that he may have it to communicate to others. The second task is a part of the first for the one man who is a Catholic writer. Of course the fact that he is growing in integration and in holiness, does not mean necessarily that he is becoming a greater writer *pari passu*. But unless he is at least aiming towards integration, he will

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never be a great writer, for he will have cut himself off from the very source of wisdom.

It is hardly necessary to say that becoming more completely and thoroughly and integratedly Catholic implies becoming more truly American, if you are an American, more truly French or English if you are French or English, more truly Chinese if you are Chinese; that it implies becoming more a man of your own time, as well as of eternity, and that it implies becoming more truly yourself. Those who succeeded here on earth in becoming perfectly Catholic, perfectly "whole," or holy, that is, the saints, as a study of their lives clearly demonstrates, were thoroughly men or women of their own time and place, and obviously more completely themselves than anyone but a saint would dare to be. For becoming more thoroughly Catholic means becoming more and more perfectly conformed to the image of Christ, Who is Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Wisdom Incarnate. It means becoming more universal and at the same time more particular. Since Christ is God expressing Himself in a particular human nature, the Christian must strive for Christ-likeness expressed in the particular idiom of his own time and place and circumstances and personality. He must strive, as Catholic teaching puts it, to be the particular member of the Mystical Body of Christ which God intends him to be, and not to copy or envy the function of some other member. Thus, the Catholic, or the Catholic writer, need not cease to be, or to express himself, in becoming more thoroughly Catholic; on the contrary, by so doing he will be the more himself, and he will have the more integrated and distinct a self to express.

Here again is the reason why becoming more thoroughly Catholic means entering more fully into the whole human inheritance of wisdom. For whatever is true and good and beautiful is, in its own order, an expression of Christ, a part of Catholic wisdom. To have a thoroughly Catholic mind is, therefore, to have a thoroughly human and "civilized" mind, the mind of all the human citizens of the Kingdom of God.

But surely a young man or woman brought up by Catholic parents and educated at Catholic institutions should possess this Catholic wisdom at least to a degree sufficient to enter upon the career of a Catholic writer. Unfortunately, however—and this is precisely the problem, as the recognition of it is the first step towards its solution—at present he usually does not. He has, indeed, been given the first principles of that wisdom, even if he has had no more religious training than the catechism. But, by and large, even if he is graduating from a Catholic college, he is hardly aware that these are the first principles of all wisdom and the first principles for all action, for they have not been presented to him consistently as such, nor given him to practice as such. He learns his religion and philosophy and ethics in Catholic terms, but generally he learns his economics, his sociology, his literature, his science in the materialistic terms current in non-Catholic colleges. His parents and teachers themselves, to a greater or less degree, unwittingly have given in to the divorce of religion from life, except in obvious essentials. They have, again unwittingly, allowed the requirements of a materialistic way of life to mold the ways of thought and ways of life of their children or students, except where these obviously conflict with faith or morals.

Thus, for example, few Catholic parents until recently have had any idea of the full beauty of the Catholic teaching on marriage explicit enough to be handed on to their children. As a consequence, they have allowed their children's ideas on the subject, with all its ramifications in their emotional and religious lives, to become an unhappy tension between a kind of adopted Puritanism on the one hand and modern paganism on the other. Thus again, Catholic institutions have sometimes held up to their students as examples of "outstanding alumni" graduates who have made their successes in ways by no means in accordance with the Popes' Encyclicals—because the authorities of these institutions, again unwittingly, have acceped for their graduates the current standards of success and efficiency. Consequently, while having Catholic parents and a Catholic education certainly does give a young man the first principles of the Catholic wisdom he should live by, it does not give him that continual application and carrying-on of those principles in all the details of daily life, or the continual growth and expansion of their potentialities, which would endow him on every level of his development (as it endowed Dante and Chaucer, for instance) with a truly Catholic mind, with a fully Catholic instinct for truth and goodness and beauty, in other words, with actual Catholic wisdom.

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What, then, must the Catholic writer, or would-be writer, do? The answer is not difficult to see: he must work to acquire Catholic wisdom by all the various means which have been put at his disposal by his religion itself and its concrete embodiment in America today; that is, he must not only practice his faith, but make it his business to study it, and its application to all the activities of thought and life. But he need not be a lonely pioneer in his endeavor, for there is no lack either of books, or of living authorities to help him interpret the books. Besides the great treasures of Christian theology, "spirituality" and general literature, there is a host of modern books—not to say magazines—dealing precisely

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with the application of Catholic wisdom to modern life and modern problems.

The need of the average Catholic to understand his faith and to apply it more thoroughly to the whole of life has been seen for a long time, and has been met by many writers and teachers; you have only to look at the catalogues of the best Catholic and also non-Catholic publishing houses to find in how many ways. In addition to books and magazines, there is the living voice of the Pope himself, calling us to this restoration of all things in Christ and teaching us how best to go about it. And besides all this, the Catholic writer can get in touch with the many movements in America today whose purpose is precisely to work out in theory and practice the reintegration of religion with every aspect and activity of modern life. Thus, in his effort to become thoroughly Catholic, to gain a Catholic mind, he need lack neither materials, nor tools, nor guidance, nor comradeship. His task is still difficult, yet by no means as difficult as twenty years ago.

But he will find it a lonelier and less well understood task to solve the second of his problems, that of acquiring the skill in writing necessary for the communication of his growing Catholic wisdom. The preliminary courses in writing which would give him at least the foundation of his technique are either lacking or inadequate in most Catholic colleges; there are very few graduate courses in any of the arts, and not a single professional school of Catholic creative writing. Moreover, literature courses in Catholic colleges seldom succeed in imparting a real appreciation of modern literature, a sure sense, that is, of the possible dangers to faith and mental integrity on the one hand, or of its often desperate reaching out towards Catholic truth on the other.

Thus the future writer enters professional life with little or no guidance as to how he may go about expressing Catholic wisdom in any modern idiom, and with equally little guidance as to what fragments of Catholic truth have been and are being expressed in modern literature. And whether he goes to a professional writing school, or studies the works of modern authors, or associates with the writers of his own time and place, he will find it an almost irresistible temptation to adapt his ideas to the current techniques, rather than the other way round. His technical problem, therefore, is by no means as easy to solve as may appear at first sight, and its successful solution is bound up with the solution of his first problem, that of continually becoming more thoroughly Catholic in mind and heart and imagination. For the surer a grasp he has of his own Catholicity, the more easily will he find ways to translate it into modern forms.

And the more seriously he takes his whole vocation of "Catholic writing," the more careful will he be not to disgrace it by becoming content with anything less than the best he can do. For the Catholic has always to remember, perhaps more than other people, that, for him, good intentions are not an excuse for lack of craftsmanship and hard work. Or, as Professor Gilson once put it, "Piety cannot dispense with technique."

Now these requirements may mean that, conditions being what they are, the writer of the present day must spend a good part of his life in acquiring that fund of wisdom which ordinarily would be his birthright, in developing the techniques to express that wisdom which ordinarily would be at his hand for refinement and adaptation to his special purposes. They may mean that the Catholic writers of today are preparing the ground for the great literature of the future, rather than actually producing it themselves. But as a distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Menninger, has succinctly said: ". . . the mature personality, man or woman, finds satisfaction in what has to be done," and if this is true for the man who is not a follower of Christ, it is all the more true for the man who knows the meaning of the Cross. To become more thoroughly Catholic, to become a more skilful writer are the only means of fulfilling your vocation if it is to be that of a Catholic writer. Whether or not you become a great Catholic writer has nothing to do with the case. Nobody has yet found a way to guarantee the production of masterpieces in any art, whether by foundations or patronage or public subsidy, or the careful encouragement of young geniuses. All that any of us can do is the best we can, here and now, and in so doing we are improving the conditions for the future.

Of course we have no assurance that God wills the present nascent renewal of Catholic life in this country to continue in comparatively undisturbed peace and security. Perhaps we are not, in the immediate future, to achieve those conditions which would make Catholic writing a well-paying profession, or which would lead to the production of the Great Catholic Novel. But we can certainly hope that God's mercy will allow this revival to continue, whatever the conditions of the future. Whether or not we ever achieve that American Catholic culture of which we dream, we can all work, under any conditions, to achieve that Catholic mind and heart which is the indispensable prerequisite of a Catholic culture. We have God's own assurance that if we seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, "all these things" will be added unto us, whether or not they take the precise and immediate forms we have planned. And the Catholic writer, both here and now and in the future, has a special and glorious opportunity, not only to seek that Kingdom himself, but to enlighten and persuade others also to undertake and succeed in that search.

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Korean Independence

E. J. FLANAGAN

DURING my visit to Korea in 1947 at the invitation of General MacArthur and the State Department, I got a first-hand appraisal of economic, social and political conditions which confirmed much I had already read in the newspapers and magazines. Korea today is a sick and frustrated nation. It is divided economically and geographically at the 38th parallel, and is bisected politically by dissimilar forms of government.

In 1905 Japan established a protectorate over the country, and in 1910 Japan made it a part of the Japanese Empire. During the forty years of Japenese domination the people of Korea never ceased to plan and work for their independence. The unwilling victims of power politics, their hope was heightened by the Cairo Declaration of December 1, 1943, signed by President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and pledging freedom and independence to Korea in "due course."

This is now the third year since the defeat of Japan, but Korea is worse off today than before its "liberation." Under the Japanese there was at least economic and political unity. Now the industrial North is separated from the agricultural South by a noose of economic strangulation, while American control in the South is offset by a Soviet Communist puppet state in North Korea complete with a Communist leader, concentration camps, confiscation of private property and nullification of civil liberties.

It is clear that this policy of bisection and joint occupation of Korea was a tragic diplomatic blunder. Not only has it put Korea's prospect of independence in jeopardy but it also stands in marked contrast to our more enlightened treatment of Japan, a conquered enemy nation, which remains united and has its own government.

The fate of Korea is important to lasting peace in the Orient. And because of this it is also important to the peace of the rest of the world. Events of the last two years clearly indicate that Russia has no intention of withdrawing her troops from Korea until Korea is brought into the orbit of Soviet satellites. The United States, as a party to the Moscow Agreement which provided for the partition and occupation of Korea, is morally obligated to see that the promise of Korean independence is fulfilled.

On the map Korea appears to be a small country, but it covers an area of more than 85,000 square miles, more than the combined area of Belgium, Hungary and Austria; with a total population greater than that of Rumania, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Mexico, Argentina or Canada. Korea is self-sufficient in cereals, in fish, and has all the resources needed for industrialization such as iron, coal, abundant water power and many minerals.

Korea is also a land of 4,000 years of culture and civilization. A Korean invented movable type fifty years before Gutenberg. Korea has the oldest existing solar observatory. It built the first ironclad warship to defeat an invading Japanese fleet in 1596, two hundred and fifty years before the Monitor and the Merrimac. It has one of the simplest and most effective languages in the world as a result of King Yi Sei-chong, in the early fourteenth century. Korea produced an encyclopedia of one hundred and eight volumes more than one hundred years before the French encyclopedists.

The people of Korea are a liberty-loving people. A Mongoloid people, possessing characteristics different from those of the Japanese and Chinese, the Koreans never accepted Japanese domination. They have always maintained representatives in exile who have sought to keep alive the idea of independence. In a surprise move, when his country was a "protectorate" of Japan, the emperor circumvented the authority of the Resident-General and sent three Koreans as "Delegates Extraordinary and Plentipotentiary" to the Hague Peace Conference; but the deputation was unsuccessful for, not having been officially invited, they were denied a hearing. Korean desire for independence was also manifested by occasional assassinations of Japanese officials, as that of Governor-General Marquis Ito.

Koreans are not lacking in native intelligence. What they do lack, however, is experience. For forty years they have had almost nothing to say about running their government. Official positions they have occupied have been only minor ones. In view of these facts, it cannot be expected that they will arise with the full and immediate strength they might otherwise demonstrate. It must also be remembered that most of their modern improvements—their communication lines, schools and industrial advancement—have been the result of Japanese initiative.

An indication of the difficulty Korea faces as an independent nation was given when American troops took over after the defeat of Japan. There was no government when the Americans arrived. No government meant chaos. Lieut.-General John R. Hodge, commander of the United States occupation force, first proposed to administer the American zone with present Japanese officials. The Koreans protested. Then General Douglas MacArthur ordered all Japanese in government positions be replaced as soon as possible. Mistakes were unavoidable, but considering the circumstances the American occupation forces may be credited with handling a difficult situation creditably. One of their first tasks was to abolish the evil effects of Japanese misrule. Japanese laws were repealed. Censorship was lifted. Discrimination on grounds of race was prohibited. Labor was permitted to organize, while machinery was set up for arbitration, mediation and collective bargaining. Shinto was abolished as a state religion.

At first the Americans had to assume all duties and tasks ordinarily exercised by civil governments. Gradually, Koreans were given increased authority and responsibility in the management of their own affairs, the object being to give them the experience and training necessary for self-government. The American Military Government established the first parliamentary body in

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Korean history. Beyond this the policy of the United States was to establish a coalition government for Korea in agreement with Soviet Russia. This was finally eliminated because of the deadlock that developed between the delegates of the United States and Soviet Russia in the Joint Commission.

The vote of 43 to 0 on the Korean question in the General Assembly was an important victory for Korea. But this vote is not a final and conclusive solution of the problem posed by the division and continued military occupation of Korea. A United Nations Commission left in early January. Plans were to hold an election in the American zone of Korea, probably in late March. Four grave difficulties stand between the Commission and achievement of the responsibilities delegated to it. These are: (1) the division of Korea into two zones; (2) the lack of representation by the people in either zone; (3) the lack of co-operation between the two occupying powers, and (4) the extremely difficult economic and political circumstances resulting from more than two years of occupation stalemate.

Even if the Commission is successful, the new government will need three kinds of support. Military support will be necessary to protect it from a Communist *coup* until its own protective forces are organized. Economic help will be needed to overcome the serious deterioration of the past two years. And diplomatic assurance will be required from the United States or the United Nations that Russia or another State will not be allowed to seize the country later.

American as well as Korean hopes and desires are for the restoration of Korean unity as a free and independent democracy. Binding promises as well as moral considerations leave no other alternative.

The Stage & Screen

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'

I RAN into a large slice of midwinter mischance with this latest George Abbott musical. It seems to me the flu this winter is even sneakier than usual. You think you've got it boxed, and then suddenly it pops up again at the last moment, just when you've got your tickets, your mittens, your four mufflers, your ear-muffs, your boots, and your extra babushka all ready to sally forth for an evening's entertainment in this historic weather. That's the story and I'm very sorry for it. In any case, a compendium of the opinion of my peers ought to be of some use. The show stars Nancy Walker in a satire on the ballet. Mr. Atkinson calls it "top drawer"; Mr. Kronenberger calls it "flat"; Mr. Guernsey finds the "Robbins choreography disappointing"; while Mr. Watts finds Mr. Robbins "one of the most talented and imaginative men in the American Theatre . . ." and one of his burlesque ballets almost worth a fairly routine evening. Finally, the statistical people in Monday's news designate the business as a hit. I wish I hadn't had to miss it. (*at the Adelphi*)

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Sex with English Subtitles

BRACE yourself for a new batch of foreign films. They have been pouring into this country recently, and whether or not you approve their absence of Hollywood slickness and their emphasis on sex, you must appreciate their intelligent approach to film-making.

"The Eternal Return" is Jean Cocteau's modernized version of the Tristan and Isolde legend. Although the Cocteau script is at times too forced and stylized (because it was cramped by having to follow a pattern that doesn't always lend itself to contemporary manners) the picture itself is intensely interesting. The tale about the young man who falls in love with his uncle's bride will hold you to the very end, when the camera focuses on their biers in the boat house. I found Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne in the lead rôles a little too, too handsome, but their performances are moving, and so are Jean Murat's as Uncle Marc and Junie Astor as the other girl, who falls for the young man. It may be the parallel with the Tristan legend that makes this film so absorbing, but actually I think more credit should go to Director Jean Delannoy, who knows how to use cinema to create a mood and to develop character. Of course the lovely photography and Georges Auric's music help too.

If you were enthusiastic about "Brief Encounter," the fine English movie about a romance between two middle-aged, married people, it is likely that *"A Lover's Return"* will interest you too. In this new French film, Louis Jouvet portrays a director of ballet who returns with his company to Lyons after twenty years. The girl he left behind (under decidedly awkward circumstances) is now married and not too happy. Her hypocritical brother and husband have pretty well messed up her life and are now pushing her son around. Gaby Morlay plays this rôle of the middle-aged, disillusioned woman extremely well, and Jouvet is excellent as the lover who returns, sets a few things straight, and leaves—taking not the woman but rescuing her son from the trap set by the male members of her family. The film's tone is rather cynical, but many of its criticisms of human behavior are well made. The direction by Christian Jaque is good; and, as in so many French films, the supporting cast come through with effective performances. I wish the whole piece were shorter; it drags a bit after the plot is established—in spite of its interesting theme.

"Fanny," written and produced by Marcel Pagnol and directed by Marc Allegret, is another of those fascinating French films which are actually long character studies. Cinematically, it moves very slowly and is much too talky for a movie. But for its acting and understanding of people, for its interesting development of character, the film is first-rate. Its problem mainly concerns Cesar (Raimu), who is heartbroken when his son (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea after a love affair with Fanny (Orane Demazis). After a great deal of discussion on the subject, the middle-aged Panisse (Charpin) asks the pregnant, unmarried girl to marry him; and years later, to the happy home set up by Panisse and Fanny, comes Cesar's son demanding Fanny. While this story is rather flippant in its attitude toward sex, its heart is definitely in the right place. The stirring scene in which Cesar teaches his beloved son a thing or two about decency is beautifully done. In fact, the whole film is so well acted that it is difficult to decide who should get major laurels. I suppose Raimu and Charpin deserve most applause.

It is no secret, of course, that foreign films get much more earthy about sex than the Hollywood productions. But just how far these importations can go has probably not yet been discovered. *"Furia,"* a hot number from Italy, hits a new high—or low. Goffredo Alessandrini, who directed and wrote the script, knew pretty well just where he was going with this story of a married woman who has an affair with the groom in her husband's stables. When this woman's stepdaughter is innocently caught with the groom, whom she later marries, the woman doesn't have sense enough to know that she's licked. She tries to continue the affair—and she winds up with her pretty neck broken.

Most cynical of these new foreign films toward marriage is *"Passionnelle,"* a French picture in which the cinematic technique is more important than its subject matter. Based on Zola's "Pour Une Nuit d'Amour," this movie tells a grimy story about a pretty girl (Odette Joyeaux) whose innocence was too long taken for granted. Her evil is understood only by us and the young man who is so hopelessly in love with her that he assumes the blame for her crime. Even at the finale, as she goes through a marriage of convenience, the other man (Roger Blin) is dragged off to jail. Told in a straightforward manner, this sour story would no doubt be a bore, but as directed by Edmond T. Greville, it holds our interest from beginning to end through its effective cinema. The picture has been beautifully photographed and edited, and it does well what no other medium can do: through the juxtaposition of scenes, in one episode we see the girl dancing at her engagement party while the young man disposes of the body of the man she has just killed; and later during her wedding ceremony, we see the young man rushing down from the mountains intent on exposing her evil. Since the creators of "Passionelle" show so well that they know how to make a film, I wish they had chosen better material.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

The Letters of Pope Celestine VI to all Mankind. Giovanni Papini. Dutton. $3.00.

THESE LETTERS contain some lovely laments for the living, written in moving and lyrical prose, admirably translated. They purpose to be by an aged, mythical Pope on the eve of his martyrdom in the Great Persecution. They are empty of bitterness, intensely charitable, and generally wise. There are letters for all sorts and conditions of men: letters written "to the people who call themselves Christian": to monks, priests, theologians, the rich, the poor; to women, to poets, to historians and scientists, to Protestants and to Jews; to atheists and citizens, and to all men. For everyone the Pope has what in this country is called "a message."

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Unfortunately, there is a disagreeable amount of personal advertising: over and over again, the aged Pope declares how he has suffered, and is suffering; details his anguish, tells how he has spent sleepless nights, has lost his appetite, is becoming gray-haired, a weeping, broken Christian, a burning funeral pyre of love and sorrow, is old, broken and exhausted, yet still bleeding before the flood of misfortunes. Celestine VI says of himself that he "entreats as no Pope has ever supplicated" and declares that his voice, feeble and trembling though it is, invokes and awaits a death similar to that of his God. All of which, to non-Italian ears, smacks of rhetoric, and smells of self-pity.

Yet Papini has many valid, interesting and even necessary things to say, though a great many of them read too much like the better-class mission sermon, or the more serious pre-campaign political utterance. "Man loves himself too much and mankind too little"; "Only if you succeed in being faithful servants of Christ, will you become majestic and free"; "Men sin every day, even those who affirm their belief in God"; "The crucial point in the teaching of Christ is the condemnation and the curing of hate"—these, and many, far too many, similar phrases in this book are just plain bromides.

There are, too, for all Papini's efforts to be ultra-orthodox, curious overtones of old, historical, exaggerations. Ninety percent of the faithful, it has been authoritatively declared, are material heretics, so perhaps it is not surprising if in each country the writers are naturally inclined to the national heresies. Thus the French are easily still Gallican and Jansenist; the English even at their most Catholic, tend toward Arminianism. Writing to the theologians, Papini tells of an old monk, who, on the vigil of Pope Celestine's ordination, describes to him the Parousia. "If the nature of the three Divine Persons is one, each operates, or must operate in the same manner as the others. If the Father is Creator, and Son Redeemer, we can do no less than believe that the Father also fulfilled His own Redemption, and the Son His Creation." And to Sinai and to Golgotha must be added a like Manifestation by the Holy Ghost. The whole universe is an immense Cross on which is stretched the Father. The materialization of the Spirit corresponds to the Incarnation. The Redemption was a second Creation, to be complemented by the Holy Ghost by a full and universal manifestation of the Third Person, in His creative and redemptive power. Joaquin da Fiore and the Spiritual Franciscans who held this hope were condemned, Papini states in a footnote, not for it, but for their desire to determine the date and manner of such a descent. What is indeed true is Pope Celestine's conclusion, that "there is no need constantly to return to an Epiphany of the Spirit, it would be enough if Christians filled up those things that are wanting to the sufferings of Christ." For Christians are called to be "actors in the reascension of all beings." And the Pope exhorts the theologians to be daring, as his predecessors had implored them to be prudent. "Come out of your cavernous alchemistic laboratories, wherein you often change gold into lead and light into darkness. Reinform the torpid of the heights, the weary, of the fountains," he cries, and prays "for their exodus from the Sepulchres."

Pope Celestine is at his best exhorting poets and scientists; at his most banal in his handling of the problems of social justice, in his exhortations to rich and poor, and to politicians. Here, where he could have extracted the Christian kernel from Marx—for Marx, like Mahomet, was essentially a Christian heretic—he contents himself with appeals to charity, begging the rich to be moved with compassion for all who suffer because of their wickedness, and with pity for their own poor souls, since "they know not the most perfect and purest joys."

The poor, "querulously intolerant of their poverty," are the victims of the confusion of values and the prejudices of the mind. In seeking to be rich, "the most miserable beggar merits nothing but poverty." Instead, "with eager intelligence and honest pertinacity," such a beggar should seek the ability to "enjoy the beauties of nature and the creations of art." Here is a vilely Victorian smugness, insulting as the tune of the Happy Peasant, to any twentieth century proletarian. Indeed, Pope Celestine's picture of the good old days, "when it took almost nothing to make people happy, a pretty colored scarf, a pair of new shoes, the birth of a lamb or calf," though offered "in genuine testimony," is quite nauseating.

It is hard to know whether the citizens or the subjects will be the most enraged by being told that they give in too readily to usurpers and are taken in too easily by impostors, or that they have no right to rebel unless they rebel against error that darkens their minds and sin that blinds their wills. For, though these remarks could not be truer, it is not by preaching at people that they will be improved or persuaded. But, perhaps, the most annoyed will be the women, chased back to their kitchens with a duster, told that "not content with selling your bodies to men, you even desire and attempt to become like men"; that women "have invaded offices and descended into the vulgar arena of politics"—where indeed the present Holy Father has bidden them go. This, Pope Celestine says, is the reason why "men see you now as petulant and disgusting rivals."

There is much that is disappointing in this book, and nothing Papini's Pope has to say of current problems can compare with the Leo XIII Encyclicals, or with the recent utterances of Pope Pius XII.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

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Raintree County. Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton. $3.95.

ACCOLADES of hysterical praise have greeted "Raintree County" since its publication. There have been boomings from some sagacious critics proclaiming it the turning point in American fiction, the renaissance of the American novel. True, the savants have more than once accused Mr. Lockridge of crying "Wolfe!" too often, not to mention the author's being hypnotized by Joyce and Faulkner. But that apparently does not detract from the broad panorama bulging with the humans and historical events that Mr. Lockridge has re-created.

By this time, the American reading public knows that "Raintree County" is the story of one day in the life of its Indiana hero, John Wickliff Shawnessy; that through a series of flash-backs, we learn of Shawnessy's boyhood, manhood, his physical as well as mental growth; that en route we are tossed a great chunk of American history, the 1839-1892 span. Interlarded amongst all this to-and-fro-ing is a plethora of "epic fragments" from newspapers, diaries and dreams. All this is executed with much patriotism and gusto on Mr. Lockridge's part. He has done handsomely by Johnny Shawnessy; the Raintree County boy holds one's interest and sympathy in a three-dimensional fashion. The author has done well with most of his other characters, too. His mob scenes, bloody and pastoral, are lively. Raintree County, for all its wenching and revival meetings, seems like the blessed isle of Avalon. That Ross Lockridge writes with pulsing, if misdirected sincerity cannot be greatly questioned

The only trouble, and considering the 1,066 pages, it is quite a piece of trouble, is that Mr. Lockridge in his fervor to put across his encyclopaedia Americana, has bludgeoned and blasted the reader with *everything* that happened to his Raintree inhabitants and to the nation for fifty-three years! He has no discrimination; the poetic "deepthighed" passages are in excruciatingly sophomoric taste; his river nymphs splash about in endless frenzies; the golden Raintree haunts one to the point of violence. In short, the author has dug and piled, dug and piled all his facts, figments and furies upon the reader in a thoughtless, numbing quantity.

The sheer length of "Raintree County" is wondrous to contemplate, but it takes a deal of endurance to beat one's way through the mazes of throbbing verbiage and two-fisted American growing-pains. Mr. Lockridge has figured out some pretty fancy philosophy in the diatribes of one Jerusalem Webster Stiles ("Perfessor" to we yokels), Johnny's high-school teacher. This nineteenth-century Don Quixote supplies the only wit and most of the humor in the book, but his excessively long bursts of witty rhetoric and sparkling deductions sandbagged this reader into a gray stupor.

Just *how* has the American novel "found" itself again in this behemoth of Ross Lockridge's? In its heft and scope? An achievement of stamina more for the reader than the writer. Because it "sings of America"? Ah, Walt, what sins are committed in thy name! For literary style? Amalgam of undigested Wolfe, murky Faulkner and watery Whitman: a poor excuse for creative writing. For its penetrating characterizations and profound "national" philosophy? Yes, the characters in "Raintree" are generally well drawn, if overdrawn, but the philosophy is, by and large, precocious collegiate patter.

Mr. Lockridge's novel, by winning an M.G.M. award and a goodly subsidy to boot, and being exaltingly boomed as a Book of the Month Club selection, will bring its author wide fame and quite a pocket of cash. Right there is a good, old American tradition. Quantity, showiness and capital letters are the usual criteria for judging the worth of a novel, a political theory or a prize pig. So "Raintree County" is *the* "American novel of 1948!" America, never a literary nation except incidentally, and now mainly for Hollywood, has exploited its protracted adolescence long enough. ELIZABETH JOHNSON

The Great Rehearsal. Carl Van Doren. Viking. $3.75. *The Enduring Federalist. Charles A. Beard. Doubleday.* $4.00.

THOUGH the story of the framing of our Constitution has long been embalmed in textbooks, it is not a dull story, nor does it need to be told in a dreary style. As narrated by Carl Van Doren in "The Great Rehearsal," it is not only entertaining but even enlightening. Mr. Van Doren suggests in the foreword that there is a parallel between the quest which led to the Constitution in 1787 and our present groping for a finer instrument of world government than the UN, but he cannily refuses to push the comparison too far, and no one can say that the proceedings of the Philadelphia Convention have been distorted to suit the author's point of view.

"The Great Rehearsal" is no treatise in constitutional logic, but purely narrative history. Paying next to no attention to the debate which has been raging in academic circles over the merits of the Articles of Confederation, Mr. Van Doren assumes—as do most historians—that the Articles were quite inadequate, and goes on to set the stage for the Philadelphia Convention, sketching as best he can the personalities of the various delegates. When one recalls that the Convention was held behind closed doors, and that the only semi-satisfactory account of a participant is to be found in the diary of James Madison, one must admit that Mr. Van Doren has been singularly successful in focusing our attention on the men who argued out the fundamental principles of our form of government.

One of the most intelligent delegates was George Mason of Virginia, who finally declined to sign the Constitution on the ground that his precious bill of rights was omitted. Though we can now see that Mason was in error on this point, it was his altruism—and that of many another delegate—which made the Constitution the significant document that it is. For the "plain honest men," to use Gouverneur Morris's phrase, who gathered at Philadelphia were too intelligent to be merely selfish, and we would be fools indeed if we forgot to be thankful for the spirit of generosity which made possible the great compromise of 1787.

Since Mr. Van Doren's "Great Rehearsal" is the most readable account ever written of the Constitutional Convention, we should be satisfied with the book exactly as it stands. Yet many a reader will wish that Mr. Van Doren had added another chapter in which to trace the angry discussions of historians over the interpretation of the Constitution. Thirty-five years ago Charles A. Beard annoyed the less intelligent spokesmen for our vested interests by insisting that the delegates were economically, if not emotionally, concerned over the fate of personal property in these United States. "That aspect of the

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Convention," Mr. Van Doren notes at the end of his book, "had been neglected before and has since been overemphasized."

Readers of Dr. Beard's newest book may go further, and wonder if Dr. Beard himself has not been overemphasized. "The Enduring Federalist," a selection from the Federalist papers preceded by a short essay, adds nothing to the reputation of the author of "The Rise of American Civilization" and indeed might better have remained unpublished.

If the introductory essay tells too little about the writers of the Federalist Papers, it tells too much about Dr. Beard, who seems to feel that foreigners—no matter if they speak the English language as their birthright—are incompetent to write upon our Constitution. Scolding alien-born Emery Reves, author of "The Anatomy of Peace," for speaking of "the heated debates of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay in Philadelphia," Dr. Beard remarks that "since Mr. Reves was born and educated in Europe and came to the United States in 1941, his error in placing John Jay in the Philadelphia Convention may be overlooked. Jay was not a member of that convention. Besides, the plan for which Hamilton argued at Philadelphia was a highly centralized system, with the states reduced to the position of mere provinces."

Dr. Beard is of course within his rights in reprimanding foreigners. But this reviewer can think of better ways to spend four dollars than buying a copy of "The Enduring Federalist." WAYNE ANDREWS.

Mardi Gras. Robert Tallant. Doubleday. $3.50.

THIS BOOK should be a boon to the natives of New Orleans beset by visiting tourists attacking with questions about the famous festival—not that native Louisianians do not like to run on *viva voce* about Mardi Gras. The book describes the pagan beginnings of the fête, its accretion of centuries of mummery celebrating Shrove Tuesday, and now, in New Orleans, turned into a season of Kings and Queens and balls—Society with a capital S performing for society, black and brown and white, ending up in a general binge and a pageant that draws spectators and participants from far and wide. Mr. Tallant protests too much about the artesian spirit, pure and festive, of Mardi Gras, for it has certainly been exploited to a fare-ye-well by local commercial interests. It does not greatly matter, for with a press agent's verve or historian's itemization, Mr. Tallant has gathered interesting data, many anecdotes of high life and low life, considerable socially significant record of Creoles *vs.* English speakers, much about the carpet bagger era. Mouthwatering menus are reproduced (no price list given) and, all in all, there is enough to double your enjoyment if you are on the spot, and plenty to entertain you hibernating in the north. The story of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, visiting American ports on a Russian naval junket, who set the town agog in 1872, is worth repeating. He stayed in New Orleans through Mardi Gras but refused to sit on the gawdy throne hastily built for him alongside other thrones because, surely, was not the USA a Democracy and done with kings? Had not Thomas Paine said so? And/or Grand Dukes cannot settle themselves on thrones in any spirit of one day mockery. The book is rather overstuffed in style, but in narrative and journalistic passages suggests two things. Other towns could learn a lot from this history of a pageant about how to give the local population a day of recognized blow-off and play-acting. Mardi Gras is often very rowdy, but neither the camellias of Charleston, or the cherry blossoms along the Potomac bring more tourists than the paper flowers, the candy canes and gilded sceptres that bloom in New Orleans. And if Great Theater is to come again, then whole audience populations should learn to play show and parade, and stir their imaginations with the seasonal and ritual celebrations of the past.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

Came A Cavalier. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. $3.00.

THIS is a huge pie of a novel whose prepared filling comes in a package, whose crust comes pre-mixed, and whose recipe for cooking is tested and dependable. Take a young, strong-minded American girl; make her a Red Cross worker in the First World War; introduce a dashing French officer of title; make their meeting at first improbable, then possible, then inevitable; have them settle down to permanent peace and happiness in Normandy; hint a second war, start it, wage it. Fold in the atmosphere of hills, sky, chateaux, horses. *Voilà, c'est ça.*

Any coincidence between all this and real life is furiously accidental. Novels of the comfortable stripe jauntily worn by "Came A Cavalier" practice a nosism which prevents their characters from impinging on the actual world and makes it impossible for that world to break in. But few of them achieve the Procrustean triumph of Aunt Bertha, who is Winchester, Mass., of the essence, yet is translated to the Chateau de Malou without unwholesome strain to live a successful cartoon existence through the Occupation. Everybody in the book is married or not married, killed off or not killed off with a finesse that outrages. Paradoxically, because nobody has hitherto come to life, the mad puppet-world of the nazi occupation has a validity, a vital starkness, lacking in all the lush nonsense which goes before. Of course "Came A Cavalier" is a delightful, charming, debonair, winsome, unforgettable novel that I could not willingly put down. RILEY HUGHES.

The Works of the Mind. Edited by Robert B. Heywood. Chicago. $4.00.

THE STATEMENTS gathered into this book by Mr. Robert B. Heywood, secretary of the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago, represent more than independent summations of the enterprise of the human mind in various areas of thought and action. Their primary force is in the conviction which brought them together in a series of lectures at the university and presents them here as a reaffirmation of the integrity and implacable vigor of the intellect at work.

Mr. John U. Nef acknowledges in the preface the historical emergency with which this intellectual activity must come to terms. But he makes it explicit, as many of the lectures make it implicit, that even this emergency must not compromise the laws and the tempo of the intellectual process. "The procedures which have enabled men to achieve . . . results in art, in science, in philosophy, in history, in administration, or in statesmanship all have this in common: they were not driven by steam power or atomic energy. Such forces are appropriate for machines;

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they cannot be usefully harnessed to the human mind." The task thus becomes more subtle than an all-out effort to mass-produce ideas and disseminate them at the cost of their wholeness and complexity; there are, of course, terms to be met before intellectual work can be fruitful, and these terms are imbedded in the stubborn context of circumstance, but they are not met at all if the mind violates its own processes and thus surrenders to that extent its identity as a mind.

These internal exigencies and the level at which they must meet "history" are presented in a series of papers, each one representing some particular engagement of the mind. In the section called "Work and the Arts," Marc Chagall speaks for the artist, Alfeo Faggi for the sculptor, Frank Lloyd Wright for the architect, and Arnold Schoenberg for the musician. (I share with the Committee a regret that the man of letters is not represented.) In the section called "Work and Action," Heinrich Brüning speaks for the statesman, J. W. Fulbright for the legislator, and Robert M. Hutchins for the administrator. In the final section, called "Works of Thought and Scholarship," S. Chandrasekhar makes the statement for the scientist, John von Neumann for the mathematician, C. H. McIlwain for the historian, and Mortimer J. Adler for the philosopher. Yves Simon contributes the introductory paper called "The Concept of Work."

Most of these papers admirably accomplish the editorial intention. The section on the arts seems least valuable; it offers much interesting biographical data but, except for the contribution of Mr. Wright, does not make very vivid contact between the particular and the universal. The papers on "Thought and Scholarship" are all completely faithful to their task: lucid, systematic, and centrally placed in the contemporary problem. Mr. Simon's paper on the concept of work is an excellent example of his ability to put abstruseness and uncompromising rigor into extraordinarily humane service. His distinction between culture and the intellectual and moral energies which produce it has the effect of replanting culture in the natural soil of the *"habitus,"* where "the knowledge of truth, not the possession of culture" is the governing ideal, and culture will come unasked as long as "truth is sought according to its own laws." That conception is at once high and humble, and this book is in its spirit.

HENRY RAGO.

History of the Islamic Peoples. Carl Brockelmann. Putnam. $6.00.

THERE HAVE been published of late some excellent monographies in English on some Islamic countries —for instance, Seton Lloyd's "Twin Rivers," a very useful history of Iraq, and A. K. Hourani's "Syria and Lebanon," both published by the Oxford University Press in London. But there is no recent English or American book on the over-all history of the Islamic people and states.

While German bombs dropped over England, two students of Middle Eastern languages, Mr. Joel Carmichael and Moshe Perlman, started to translate the book of a scholarly German, published, in 1939, in Munich under the title, *"Geschichte der Islamischen Voelker und Staaten,"* by Carl Brockelmann. Brockelmann, author of a comparative grammar of the Semitic languages and of an Arabian literary history, has done an enormous piece of research. Yet, his book makes for lively and easy reading and is organized in a masterly manner. The American Alien Property Custodian gave the copyright of the book to Putnam's, who are now publishing this imposing work of history. Just before the final proof-reading, the author was reached. A few changes forwarded by him have been incorporated.

Brockelmann's book is not only fascinating reading but also a very clear and concise reference book. It tells the story of the Near and Middle East from the days of Mohammed until 1938, and thus gives much needed information in this historical moment when American interests expand to the Islamic countries. Mr. Perlman in a final chapter has added a brief sketch of the events from 1938 to 1946—an emergency measure to bring the book up to date but rather scanty compared with the German author's force of presentation. A chronological table, a rich bibliography and a careful index complete the book.

MAX FISCHER.

The Eternal Quest. William R. O'Connor. Longmans. $4.00.

REV. WILLIAM R. O'CONNOR's "The Eternal Quest" has as its subtitle "The Teaching of Saint Thomas Aquinas on the Natural Desire for God." It is a philosophical study of passages in the works of Saint Thomas in which he speaks of man's natural desire for God and seems to contradict himself. For centuries these passages have baffled commentators, and the difficulty has persisted to the present day. It is not too much to say that Father O'Connor has at last given a satisfactory solution of the problem. In view of the standing of earlier Thomistic scholars who have failed—Cajetan, Bañez, Suarez, and Billot, to mention a few—this is indeed a distinguished achievement.

The difficulty is that Saint Thomas repeatedly says man has a natural desire for a vision of the divine substance, and he also as clearly states that man does not naturally seek the beatific vision. Furthermore, he denies that the human intellect can attain to the vision of God without grace, which is absolutely supernatural, to which must be added the *lumen gloriae*. But he also teaches that man's intellect can naturally attain to this vision as soon as it is freed from the body at death.

Father O'Connor first states the problem, quoting the pertinent passages from Saint Thomas. He then discusses the commentators, who can be divided into four groups according as they follow Bañez, Cajetan, Soto, or Sylvester of Ferrara. The first two minimize the natural desire, and the last two admit its full force. He prefaces his own interpretation of Saint Thomas's doctrine on the natural desire for knowledge and the natural desire for happiness, which is the core of the book, with a chapter on the Angelic Doctor's Aristotelian background, since his teaching on natural desire is based on the concept of nature which he took from Aristotle. The author criticizes the commentators for confusing "the natural desire of the intellect for knowledge with the natural desire of the will for happiness, as if Saint Thomas taught that God was the object of the latter desire as well as of the former." And he concludes, "God for him [Thomas] is the object of a purely intellectual tendency or desire to know, but He is not the object of the necessary tendency of the will toward happiness, so long as He remains unknown to the intellect." Four brief appendixes on closely related subjects and

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unusually full and helpful notes, which are given at the end, add much to the value of the work.

The over-all plan of the study is excellent, and the style is clear and surprisingly simple for so difficult a subject. The solution of the problem is brilliant. From this book it is easy to see why the Catholic Theological Society of America named Father O'Connor as one of the five recipients of the Cardinal Spellman award for 1947.

BONAVENTURE SCHWINN.

Sanctity Will Out! An Essay on Saint Joan. Georges Bernanos, translated by R. Batcheller. Sheed. $1.50.

"OUR CHURCH is the Church of Saints" is the refrain of this panegyric of few pages. Bernanos is at pains to insist that the theologians at Joan's trial were top ranking clerics, most of whom died full of honors, and he denies Joan's right of appeal to Rome because the Inquisitor acted as delegate of the Pope. But Saint Paul was brought before a Governor who represented the Emperor, yet his appeal was considered quite valid.

Our Church is the Church of Saints, cries Bernanos as he acclaims the pure democracy of the Church where any sinner may become a saint even if he may never hope to be a Cardinal or even a Canon. Joan, the simple child, was raised by the Church over her own hierarchy; the Little Flower's process of canonization was commenced on the clamor of the laity. It was no eminent theologician or powerful prelate who brought the Pope from Avignon to Rome but a peasant girl. "Were it not for the sweet scandal of childhood, avarice and cunning would have dried up the world in a century."

Our Church is the Church of Saints and sanctity is the only true adventure. "Those who have once realized this have found their way to the very heart of the Catholic faith. . . . Nowhere but in the Church could the adventure be imagined of a little heroine who slipped from the stake of the Inquisition to Paradise under the noses of one hundred and fifty theologians."

Evidently Bernanos is not very partial to D.D.'s, but I wonder if there are not more of them on the Calendar of Saints than the author avers. "Everyone knows," he adds, "that there are not many famous preachers there," but then are there many famous preachers?

E. V. R. WYATT.

First Follow Nature: Primitivism in English Poetry, 1725-1750. Margaret M. Fitzgerald. Columbia. $3.00.

BOOKS LIKE this one provide appalling confirmation of Veblen's thesis in his chapter on "Higher Education and the Pecuniary Culture"—if that is the correct title of the last chapter in "The Theory of the Leisure Class." Here surely is an outstanding example of "conspicuous waste"—waste of the time and energy of an intelligent, cultivated woman, who is doomed to read an inordinate quantity of bad or mediocre verse in order to prove something which everybody interested knew instinctively already.

Primitivism is the trend in art which idealizes either the life of some past age—*chronological* primitivism—or the life of some contemporary class or race other than the artist's—*cultural* primitivism. All the arts in our time not only have idealized other ages and cultures than our modern Western one, but have even tried to imitate them. Thus the issue of primitivism is a live one in modern English and American poetry, but to my mind it was extremely unimportant in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. I would have guessed that there was more —and more genuine—primitivism in 1750 than there was in 1725, and that is about all Miss Fitzgerald can tell us. So what? In 1815 Wordsworth wrote a preface to an edition of his poems in which he praised only those eighteenth-century poets whose work seemed prophetic of his own. One hundred and thirty-three years later many academic literary historians are still doing much the same thing, and I daresay some of them don't even know who started the fashion.

This affectation of seeing the last three-quarters of the English eighteenth century merely as a prelude to Romanticism precludes all proper evaluation of the period on its own merits. Many of the leading poets, particularly in the second quarter of the century, wrote pretty poor stuff, but it is impossible to see what virtues their poetry *does* possess, if you are looking for those it quite definitely *has not*. After all, Thomson, Young and Collins didn't know they were going to be followed by Blake and Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. Miss Fitzgerald's book is only helping to perpetuate this squint-eyed way of looking at their work.

In any case, if you treat poetry from the standpoint of the history of ideas, you're supposed not to care whether it's good or bad. Miss Fitzgerald, being a person of taste, fails to keep up this fiction when faced with some of the piddling stuff she has forced herself to read. Anyway, whether their poetry is good or bad, most of the poets' ideas are muddled and contradictory, so that Miss Fitzgerald finds it impossible to steer a steady course. She, and all other scholars of her type who discuss poets in terms of their "philosophy," should remember Mallarmé's dictum—"poems are not written with ideas, they are written with words."

VIVIAN MERCIER.

Grierson on Documentary. John Grierson. Harcourt. $3.75.

THIS IS, in its own way, as exciting as Leonardo's notebooks or Doctor Johnson. For this collection of intimate, immediate writings of a great craftsman about his craft are by one who, by his own admission, "has spent his life walking a tightrope. I have been lecturing the film industry like a sociological Dutch uncle on the one hand; yet, on the other, I have done something to celebrate the basic vitalities and vulgarities of the medium." In other words, he has been both creator and critic, and this book of what he calls his "stuff," put out at white heat, is a unique revelation. For Grierson *is* documentary: in that field, there is only one comparable name, that of the American Bob Flaherty, who worked with Grierson on some of his first documentaries and who has remained one of his closest friends. But, great artist as Flaherty is, he has never had the national (and international) influence that Grierson has been given from the start. For, attached initially to the British Empire Marketing Board, then to the British Post Office, then to the Government of Canada, Grierson always made his documentaries at the level where advertising is propaganda. And that is what he thinks the documentary should be, or should become. With the cinema as such he is frankly bored seeing in it only epic or humorous possibilities. But as an educational, informative, propagandist medium, he sees it as supreme, second only to

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Catholic Press Month, II

The articles on present-day France, the problem of the Catholic writer in this country and on occupied Korea—and other material featured in this issue—indicate why it is such a good idea to subscribe to The Commonweal during this Catholic Press Month. Next week's issue provides another persuasive motive for immediate action, for it includes:

EAST AND WEST IN AUSTRIA, by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, which is a first-hand commentary on the four occupying forces by the author of the widely discussed "Letter from a Replaced Person" which The Commonweal published a month ago.

GANDHI'S INFLUENCES, by Anne Fremantle, also involves tensions between the East and the West. In this case the impact that Christianity and Europe had upon the lamented Hindu leader as well as how he himself influenced the West. Some emphasis will be focused on the character of Gandhi's writings.

REPORTS OF THE PRESIDENT, by George G. Higgins, deals with the central domestic problem of the United States: how to establish a relationship between wages, profits and prices that will assure full production, steady employment and avoidance of a world-shaking depression for the coming decade.

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radio, and now, with the almost limitless horizons of television opened before it, he foresees that not even Huxley's "Brave New World" can postulate such tangible possibilities as are opened to the joint medium in so horridly present a future.

Perhaps the most illuminating of all the essays in this book (admirably edited by Forsyth Hardy, with American Notes by Richard Griffith and Mary Losey) is that on the "Cinema of Ideas," in which Grierson sums up, in a very few, very telling pages, the "glimpses of reality and the slabs of fiction." Grierson has a command of English that is astonishing only until one learns that he is the son of a Scots "dominie" (schoolmaster) who took his calling seriously. His phrases ring with the sharp economy that can only be acquired by long immersion in the authorized version, the plays of Shakespeare, and perhaps Milton.

The South, Old and New. Francis Butler Simkins. Knopf. $6.00.
Charleston: A Gracious Heritage. Robert Molloy. Appleton. $6.00.

BACK-BREAKING labor is not all that is needed to write something worth reading in the realm of history. If it were, Francis Butler Simkins's "The South Old and New" would be a classic. Simkins has read all the authorities and made himself a master of all the statistics—a job which must have taken him all of four or five years. Unfortunately, perhaps because the author nowhere reveals anything like either originality or imagination, "The South Old and New" is not the book it might have been.

Timid is the word for "The South Old and New." Fearful of putting together a single sentence of his own about any aspect of the South, Simkins openly admits he has no opinions about modern literature. Rather than attempt an analysis of Faulkner or Glasgow, he paraphrases the write-ups in—magazine of magazines!—the *Book Review Digest.*

It's quite a relief to turn from the annotated pages of Simkins to Robert Molloy's chatty book on Charleston, with its illustrations by E. H. Suydam. Though Molloy's volume is not to be compared with the standard history of Charleston written many years ago by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, it tells so much in a breezy way about America's most charming city that it should be recommended to those unfortunate Northerners who have not yet had breakfast in the dining room of the Fort Sumter Hotel.

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